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POETICAL PORTRAITS.

From the North American Magazine.
COLERIDGE.

To those whom circumstances have prevented from enjoying the society of distinguished men of letters, especially that portion of them who have applied themselves to poetry, a graphic but succinct description of the personal appearance and literary character of Coleridge may gratify a rational curiosity. All who maintain any just pretensions to literary acquirements, enter with more or less enthusiasm, into a knowledge of the domestic habits, personal aspect, family alliances, and secret history of the favorites of the muse. When brought before them by the pencil or the pen, they gaze intensely upon the reflected image, and admire at once the features of the celebrated bard, and the creations of that genius, which they have long been accustomed to reverence.

Few, who peruse with pleasure the productions of men of genius, are content to pass through life without some knowledge of the man, whose writings have beguiled their hours of retirement, and infused new beauty into their intellectual existence. When such opportunities occur, the mind compares what it contemplates with the picture which the imagination has created and unfolded; and the ideal image stands by the side of the portrait of truth, adorning and adorned—pleasing, at once, by the resemblance and the contrast. It is true, the delineations of fancy will often prove as visionary as the wonders of a dream; but the immediate disappointment will, not unfrequently, give place to emotions of pleasure.

None of this disappointment and subsequent revival of former conceptions, however, will be experienced by any one, who has enjoyed the presence and conversation of Coleridge. Destined by nature to occupy a distinguished station in society; educated in the most liberal manner, at the first preparatory school, and the first university in England; possessed in early life of the best opportunities to signalize his talents and acquirements; he has, apparently, adopted and individualized the allegory of Dr. Johnson, by proving that great and indolent genius may be easily surpassed by slow though industrious application. This must be understood, however, as applicable only to his published works; for, perhaps, there is not in Christendom one individual devoted to literature, who has contributed through his inimitable private conversation with literary friends, such copious treasures of eloquence and learning.

That master-genius, which *might* have assumed and upheld the first station in English literature, is beautifully portrayed upon a face and brow, that might, if represented in marble, be mistaken for those of the Belvidere Apollo. Though on the verge of sixty, though he has been, for years, a more inveterate opium eater than the veriest Osmanlee, though poverty has been his allotment and trials have been appointed unto him—yet Coleridge still retains that ethereal brightness of eye, that majesty of brow, that compressed thoughtfulness of lip, and that talismanic power of countenance combined, which rendered him, in other years, a marked and remarkable man. At a first introduction, his noble presence rests upon the eye, like the apparition of some lofty spiritual being on the soul of the prophet. He moves before you with the dignified step, the high bearing, the sublime aspect of one who is familiar with the deepest mysteries of earth, and sea, and sky—of one, whose mind has traversed the universe, and returned laden with the treasures of every beautiful and unknown region.

This silent reverence, however, soon changes into devoted admiration and love. The magic of his address, the visible kindness of his nature, the affectionate earnestness of the interest he manifests in your affairs, the beauty of his language, and the charm he diffuses almost immediately over every subject introduced, link your affections with those of the accomplished philosopher and imaginative poet who addresses you. You gaze upon his broad, high, pale brow, crowned with clustering hairs, that reveal the blight of time,

and on his open though deep-settled hazle eyes, that seem for ever to revel among things invisible to ordinary perception, with mingled awe and delight. His aquiline nose, curved lip, cheeks furrowed by intense thought, and beautiful neck, at the first glance prove, that, in earlier life, he must have been as remarkable for the noble manliness of his person as he has always been for the splendor of his genius, the purity of his morals, and the depth of his domestic love.

In his *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge restricts his remarks almost literally within the compass of his title. The refined delicacy of his nature revolted from personal publicity; he eloquently defended, though almost incomprehensible opinions on politics, metaphysics, and sublimated poetics occupied all his attention, when he might have been much more entertainingly employed on his various personal history. It is true, he gives us, with fearless confidence in his own greatness, the most humiliating story of his laborious but fruitless attempt to establish *The Friend*; and, during its relation, we feel a degree of interest in his history, which the Lake School of Poetry, and the misnamed philosophy of the mystifying Kant, could never excite in a rational mind. But, generally, his whole soul seems to revel in idealities and mysteries, which no human being can comprehend; and the reader soon tires amidst the development of those theories, which have neither rationality, nor reality, nor any human interest. Yet, at intervals, as through a matted maze of under-wood, you catch some glimpses of natural feeling and moral beauty. Among his highwrought but unprofitable disquisitions, he sometimes, almost unconsciously, admits the beautiful spirits who are subject to his invocation. We behold him wandering over meadows, by the woody river-bank at the hour of sunrise, on the hills, or down some dell, where wild flowers blossom and fade, and die unknown but to the solitary worshipper of nature. We admire and love his large benevolence, the gentleness that attends him like a sainted shade, the power that creates, and the piety that cherishes all that is created. We follow him to his rural home, and rejoice to perceive that his sensibility, unlike that of Sterne, illustrates and exemplifies itself in words of kindness and deeds of affection, towards the wife of his bosom, and the interesting family with which heaven has rewarded the generosity of his heart.

The poet has spent the chief part of his life in rural retirement. At an early age he was married to the sister of Mrs. Southey; and the friendship which had previously commenced between the Laureate and the author of *Remorse*, was confirmed and perpetuated by his alliance. The mother of a large family, (one of which, Hartley Coleridge, the eldest son, has already appeared as a various and successful author,) Mrs. Coleridge proved equally an admirable wife and interesting companion to the man of letters. In his minor poems, her devoted husband frequently refers to her in terms the most affectionate, and with commendations apparently the best deserved and bestowed; and the affection of a father, which often bursts out like the light of morning, glows with the most intense and brilliant fervor.

"Dear babe! that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies,
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze,
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their depth both lakes and shores
And mountain crags; so thou shalt see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself."

Of the more extended productions of Coleridge, the tragedy entitled "*Remorse*," is the most equally sustained and powerful. Though, in this age of mimes, pantomimes, extravaganza, farces and burlettas, a learned pig, or practising bear would triumph over the highest display of tragic power, yet the *Remorse*, al-

though unsuccessful on the stage, will long be read by the lovers of the legitimate drama, and admired as one of the finest tragedies of the age. But, in another province, Coleridge has left all competitors behind. His most unique and inimitable "*Ancient Mariner*," though occasionally tinged with the affectation of Wordsworth, is an admirable display of imaginative power, graphic skill, and thrilling language. It is no small compliment to the author, that almost the whole magnificent idea of the London plague in Galt's *Rothelan* was adopted from his description of the doomed ship entering the port, with a dead crew standing immovably upright in their several places!

While it affords us pleasure to contemplate the personal character of this excellent man, we cannot but lament that he has wasted his almost unparalleled gifts and endowments in comparatively trifling efforts, and suffered his noble mind to fall indolently back upon itself, as if reckless of the glory which might have attended him.

Some of the poet's most remarkable pieces were produced during his residence in Germany and Switzerland. In his "*Hymn before sunrise in the vale of Chamouny*," we meet with much sublimity of thought and expression. Addressing Mont Blanc, he says:

"O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from thy thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone!"

—a fine transition from the created to the Creator!
Again apostrophising the Alpine torrents:

"Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiden and have rest!"

He answers the sublime inquiry:

"GOD! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!
GOD! sing ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voices!
Ye pinegroves with your soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice—ye piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, GOD!"

He resumes his address to Mont Blanc:

"Thou kingly spirit thronged among the hills!
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven!
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD!"

The beauty of the following passage is of a different kind:

"Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is music slumbering on its instrument!"

In the reported conversation with Byron, it is said that Shelley, an excellent German scholar, and Lewis, equally distinguished in Teutonic literature, declined, in favor of Coleridge, the exclusive prerogative of translations from the Weimar literati; and, it is certain, were it not for his indolence, no one could maintain the privilege with more ability, nor do equal honor to the splendid productions of the continental poets. During an interesting conversation with Mrs. Joanna Baillie, upon the subject of this paper, that celebrated poetess observed, that, although his *Ancient Mariner* was a noble creation, yet she much more admired his *Dark Ladye*. Search, however, has been made in vain for this fine poem.

Whether we contemplate Coleridge in his personal or poetic relations, we find abundant reason to indulge and express the most unequivocal respect for his private virtues, admiration for his profound acquisitions in English and foreign erudition, and gratitude for the pleasure which many of his productions have conferred on the lovers of poetry.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

In a brief but affecting biography, prefixed to his poems, Lord Craig has given the only information of which we are possessed relative to Michael Bruce; he was the son of an humble and pious Scottish cottager, who restricted his own limited expenditures to give him a free education, and was rewarded by the high expectations which his youth excited. But these were all rendered vain by that deadly foe to human life, con-

sumption. In his twenty-first year, the scholar and poet was hurried away from all his pictured scenes of happiness and fame, and his broken-hearted mother left to bewail her irretrievable loss. Most of his poetry was composed while he suffered under the influence of disease, and while he moved, like a shadow, among the woods, and held eloquent communion with nature, or, with a flushed cheek, talked of earthly bliss to his love, who well knew that he was journeying to a happier world. It is soft, and kind, and gentle, as his own heart—gentle as the lapse of the summer rivulet—bright as the moonbeam that shone upon his wanderings—and melancholy as the poor girl who mournfully listened to his tale of hope. He never speaks of fame, but his whole spirit glows with that fire which lights the altar of immortality. With him life had no cares, no agitations, no remorse; and he avoided all anxious thoughts, by sending forth his spirit to admire the works of God, and resigning himself wholly to his will. The genius of Michael Bruce, and that of the young German poet Korner were remarkably in contrast. Unlike the gallant hero of the sword and lyre, his spirit shrunk from war and tumult, and he enjoyed pleasure as exquisite on his still and lonely bed of lingering death, as thrilled the soul of Korner, when it parted from the battle-field to seek its everlasting abode. In the one, all was mildness and simplicity, in the other, patriotism and sublimity. Each was fitted for his station: Bruce to console and comfort his weeping mother, from whom he was soon to part; Korner to claim admiration, and to perpetuate an exalted fame. With calm philosophy, or rather Christian resignation, Bruce wanders and moralizes among the woods and waters of Loch Leven; with martial gallantry, Korner wakes his countrymen to avenge their rights by the trumpet notes of his "Wild Hunting of Lutzow." In his parting elegy, Bruce bids a tender, pathetic, and holy farewell to all he loves on earth, and sinks to his final rest, mourned, but not lamented; Korner lies wounded on the cold ground at Asperne, and pours forth his last hymn to the God of battles, with the same sublimity of genius which had marked his brief but bright career. They both fell in their youth, they both were devout christians. The path of the German hero blazed with a grander light, but the mild radiance of the Scottish poet comes over the heart like a dream of beauty.

SELECTED TALES.

THE WILL.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Nothing in the whole routine of country life seems to me more capricious and unaccountable than the choice of a county beauty. Every shire in the kingdom, from Brobdingnagian York to Lilliputian Rutland, can boast of one. The existence of such a personage seems as essential to the well-being of a provincial community as that a queen-bee in a hive; and, except by some rare accident, when two fair sisters for instance of nearly equal pretensions appear in similar dresses at the same balls and the same archery meetings, you as seldom see two queens of Brentford in the one society as the other. Both are elective monarchies, and both tolerably despotic; but so far I must say for the little winged people that one comprehends the impulse which guides them in the choice of a sovereign far better than the motives which influence their brother-insects, the beaux; and the reason of this superior sagacity in the lesser swarms is obvious. With them the election rests in a natural instinct, an unerring sense of fitness, which never fails to discover with admirable discrimination the only she who suits their purpose; whilst the other set of voluntary subjects, the plumeless bipeds, are unluckily abandoned to their own wild will, and, although from long habits of imitation almost as unanimous as the bees, seem guided in their operation by the merest caprice, the veriest chance, and select their goddess, the goddess of beauty, blindfold—as the blue coat boys draw, or used to draw, the tickets in a lottery.

Nothing is so difficult to define as the customary qualification of the belle of a country assembly. Face or person it certainly is not; for take a stranger into the room, and it is at least two to one but he will fix on twenty damsels prettier than the county queen; nor, to do the young gentlemen justice, is it fortune or connexion; for, so as the lady come within the prescribed limits of county gentility, (which, by the way, are sufficiently arbitrary and exclusive) nothing more is required in a beauty—whatever might be expected in a

wife; fortune it is not, still less is it rank, and least of all accomplishments. In short, it seems to me equally difficult to define what is the requisite and what is not; for, on looking back through twenty years to the successive belles of the B—shire balls, I can not fix on any one definite qualification. One damsel seemed to me chosen for gaiety and good-humor, a merry, laughing girl; another for haughtiness and airs; one because her father was hospitable, another because her mother was pleasant; one became fashionable because related to a fashionable poet, whilst another stood on her own independent merits as one of the boldest riders in the hunt, and earned her popularity at night by her exploits in the morning.

Among the whole list, the one who commanded the most universal admiration, and seemed to me to approach nearest to the common notion of a pretty woman, was the high-born and graceful Constance Lisle. Besides being a tall, elegant figure, with finely chiseled features and a pale but delicate complexion, relieved by large dark eyes full of sensibility, and a profusion of glossy, black hair, her whole air and person were eminently distinguished by that undefinable look of fashion and high breeding, that indisputable stamp of superiority, which, for want of a better word, we are content to call style. Her manners were in admirable keeping with her appearance. Gentle, gracious, and self-possessed, courteous to all and courting none, she received the flattery to which she had been accustomed from her cradle as mere words of course, and stimulated the ardor of her admirers by her calm non-notice infinitely more than a finished coquette would have done by all the *agaceries* of the most consummate vanity.

Nothing is commoner than the affectation of indifference. But the indifference of Miss Lisle was so obviously genuine, that the most superficial coxcomb that buzzed around her could hardly suspect its reality. She heeded admiration no more than that queen of the garden, the lady lily, whom she so much resembled in modest dignity: It played around her as the sunny air of June around the snow-white flower, her common and natural atmosphere.

This was perhaps one reason for the number of beaux who fluttered round Constance. It puzzled and piqued them. They were unused to be of so little consequence to a young lady, and could not make it out. Another cause might perhaps be found in the splendid fortune which she inherited from her mother, and which even independently of her expectations from her father, rendered her the greatest match and richest heiress in the county.

Richard Lisle, her father, a second son of the ancient family of Lisle of Lisle-End, had been one of those men, born, as it seems, to fortune, with whom every undertaking prospers through a busy life. Of an ardent and enterprising temper, he had mortally offended his father and elder brother, by refusing to take orders and to accept in due season the family livings, which time out of mind had been the provision of the second sons of their illustrious house. Rejected by his relations, he had gone out as an adventurer to India, had been taken into favor by the head-partner of a great commercial house, married his daughter, entered the civil service of the Company, been resident at the court of one native prince and governor of the fortified territory of another, had accumulated wealth through all the various means by which in India money has been found to make money, and finally returned to England a widower, with an only daughter, and one of the largest fortunes ever brought from the gorgeous East.

Very different had been the destiny of the family at home. Old Sir Rowland Lisle (for the name was to be found in one of the earliest pages of the Baronetage) an expensive, ostentatious man, proud of his old ancestry, of his old place, and of his old English hospitality, was exactly the man to involve any estate, however large its amount; and, when two contests for the county had brought in their train debt and mortgages, and he had recourse to horse-racing and hazard to deaden the sense of his previous imprudence, nobody was astonished to find him dying of grief and shame, a heart-broken and almost ruined man.

His eldest son, Sir Everard, was perfectly free from either of these destructive vices; but he, besides an abundant portion of irritability, obstinacy, and family pride, had one quality quite as fatal to the chance of redeeming his embarrassed fortunes as the electioneering and gambling propensities of his father—to wit, a love of litigation so strong and predominant that it assumed the form of a passion.

He plunged instantly into law-suits with creditor and neighbor, and, in despite of the successive remonstrances of his wife, a high-born and gentle-spirited woman, who died a few years after their marriage, of his daughter, a strong-minded girl, who, moderately provided for by a female relation, married at eighteen a respectable clergyman, and of his son, a young man of remarkable promise still at college, he had contrived, by the time his brother returned from India, not only to mortgage nearly the whole of his estate but to get into dispute or litigation with almost every gentleman for ten miles round.

The arrival of the governor afforded some ground of hope to the few remaining friends of the family. He was known to be a man of sense and probity, and by no means deficient in pride after his own fashion; and no one doubted but a reconciliation would take place, and a part of the nabob's rupees be applied to the restoration of the fallen glories of Lisle-End. With that object in view, a distant relation contrived to produce a seemingly accidental interview at his own house between the two brothers, who had had no sort of intercourse, except an interchange of cold letters on their father's death, since the hour of their separation.

Never was mediation more completely unsuccessful. They met as cold and reluctant friends; they parted as confirmed and bitter enemies. Both, of course, were to blame, and equally of course each laid the blame on the other. Perhaps the governor's intentions might be the kindest. Undoubtedly his manner was the worst: for, scolding, haranguing, and laying down the law, as he had been accustomed to do in India, he at once offered to send his nephew abroad with the certainty of accumulating an ample fortune, and to relieve his brother's estate from mortgage, and allow him a handsome income on the small condition of taking possession himself of the family mansion and the family property—a proposal coldly and stiffly refused by the elder brother, who, without deigning to notice the second proposition, declined his son's entering into the service of a commercial company, much in the spirit and almost in the words of Rob Roy, when the good Baillie Nicol Jarve proposed to apprentice his hopeful offspring to the mechanical occupation of a weaver. The real misfortune of the interview was that the parties were too much alike, both proud, both irritable, both obstinate, and both too much accustomed to deal with their inferiors.

The negotiation failed completely; but the governor, clinging to his native place with a mixed feeling compounded of love to the spot and hatred to its proprietor, purchased at an exorbitant price an estate close at hand, built a villa, and laid out grounds with the usual magnificence of an Indian, bought every acre of land that came under sale for miles around, was shrewdly suspected of having secured some of Sir Everard's numerous mortgages, and in short proceeded to invest Lisle-End just as formally as the besieging army sat down before the citadel of Antwerp. He spared no pains to annoy his enemy; defended all the actions brought by his brother, the lord of many manors, against trespassers and poachers; disputed his motions at the vestry; quarrelled with his decisions on the bench; turned Whig because Sir Everard was a Tory; and set the whole parish and half the county by the ears by his incessant squabbles.

Amongst the gentry, his splendid hospitality, his charming daughter, and the exceeding unpopularity of his adversary, who at one time or other had been at law with nearly all of them, commanded many votaries. But the common people, frequently great losers for hereditary right, adhered for the most part to the cause of their landlord—say, even those with whom he had been disputing all his life long. This might partly be ascribed to their universal love for the Squire Henry, whose influence among the poor was balanced that of Constance among the rich; but the chief cause was certainly to be found in the character of the governor himself.

At first it seemed a fine thing to have obtained a powerful champion in every little scrape. They found, however, and pretty quickly, that in gaining a new and magnificent protector they had also gained a master. Obedience was a necessary of life to the Indian, who, although he talked about liberty and equality, and so forth, and looked on them abstractedly as excellent things, had no very exact practical idea of their operation, and claimed in England the same absolute rule and just supremacy which he had exercised in the East. Every thing must bend to his sovereign will and pleasure, from the laws of cricket to the laws of

the land; so that the sturdy farmers were beginning to grumble, and his *protégés*, the poachers, to rebel, when the sudden death of Sir Everard put an immediate stop to his operations and his enmity.

For the new Sir Henry, a young man beloved by every body, studious and thoughtful, but most amiably gentle and kind, his uncle had always entertained an involuntary respect, a respect due at once to his admirable conduct and his high-toned and interesting character. They knew each other by sight, but had never met until a few days after the funeral, when the governor repaired to Lisle-End in deep mourning, shook his nephew heartily by the hand, condoled with him on his loss, begged to know in what way he could be of service to him, and finally renewed the offer to send him out to India, with the same advantages that would have attended his own son, which he had previously made to Sir Everard. The young heir thanked him with a smile rather tender than glad, which gave its sweet expression to his countenance, sighed deeply, and put into his hands a letter "which he had found," he said, "amongst his poor father's papers, and which must be taken for his answer to his uncle's generous and too tempting offers."

"You refuse me then?" asked the governor.

"Read that letter and tell me if I can do otherwise. Only read that letter," resumed Sir Henry; and his uncle, curbing with some difficulty his natural impatience, opened and read the paper.

It was a letter from a dying father to a beloved son, conjuring him by the duty he had ever shown to obey his last injunction, and neither to sell, let, alienate nor leave Lisle-End; to preserve the estate entire and undiminished so long as the rent sufficed to pay the interest of the mortgages; and to live among his old tenants in his own old halls so long as the ancient structure would yield him shelter. "Do this, my beloved son," pursued the letter, "and take your father's tenderest blessing; and believe that a higher blessing will follow on the sacrifice of interest, ambition, and worldly enterprise, to the will of a dying parent. You have obeyed my injunctions living—do not scorn them dead. Again and again I bless you, prime solace of a life of struggle, my dear, my dutiful, son!"

"Could I disobey?" inquired Sir Henry, as his uncle returned him the letter; "could it even be a question?"

"No!" replied the governor peevishly. "But to mew you up with the deer and the pheasants in this wild old park, to immure a fine, spirited lad in this huge old mansion along with family pictures and suits of armor, and all for a whim, a crochets, which can answer no purpose on earth—it's enough to drive a man mad!"

"It will not be for long," returned Sir Henry, gently. "Short as it is, my race is almost run. And then, thanks to the unbroken entail—the entail which I never could prevail to have broken, when it might have spared him so much misery—the park, mansion, estate, even the armor and family pictures, will pass into much better hands—into yours. And Lisle-End will once more flourish in splendor and in hospitality."

The young baronet smiled as he said this; but the governor, looking on his tall, slender figure and pallid cheek, felt that it was likely to be true, and, wringing his hand in silence, was about to depart, when Sir Henry begged him to remain a moment longer.

"I have still one favor to beg of you, my dear uncle—one favor which I may beg. When last I saw Miss Lisle at the house of my sister Mrs. Beauchamp (for I have twice accidentally had the happiness to meet her there) she expressed a wish that you had such a piece of water in your grounds as that at the east end of the park, which luckily adjoins your demesne. She would like, she said, a pleasure-vessel on that pretty lake. Now I may not sell, or let, or alienate—but surely I may lend. And, if you will accept this key, and she will deign to use as her own the Lisle-End mere, I need not, I trust, say how sacred from all intrusion from me or mine the spot would prove, or how honored I should feel myself if it could contribute, however slightly to her pleasure. Will you tell her this?"

"You had better come and tell her yourself."

"No! Oh no!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must."

And the governor went slowly home whistling, not for "want of thought," but as a frequent custom of his when any thing vexed him.

About a month after this conversation, the father and daughter were walking through a narrow piece of woodland, which divided the highly ornamented gardens of the governor, with their miles of gravel walks and acres of American borders from the magnificent park of

Lisle-End. The scene was beautiful, and the weather, a sunny day in early May, shewed the landscape to an advantage belonging, perhaps, to no other season: on the one hand, the gorgeous shrubs, trees, and young plantations, of the new place, the larch in its tenderest green, lilacs, laburnums, and horse-chestnuts, in their flowery glory, and the villa, with its irregular and oriental architecture, rising above all; on the other, the magnificent oaks and beeches of the park, now stretching into avenues, now clumped on its swelling lawns (for the ground was remarkable for its inequality of surface) now reflected in the clear water of the lake, into which the woods sometimes advanced in mimic promontories, receding again into tiny bays, by the side of which the dappled deer lay in herds beneath the old thorns; whilst, on an eminence, at a considerable distance, the mansion, a magnificent structure of Elizabeth's day, with its gable-ends and clustered chimneys, stood silent and majestic as a pyramid in the desert. The spot on which they stood had a character of extraordinary beauty, and yet different from either scene. It was a wild glen, through which an irregular footpath led to the small gate in the park, of which Sir Henry had sent Constance the key, the shelving banks on either side clothed with furze in the fullest blossom, which scented the air with its rich fragrance, and would almost have dazzled the eye with its golden lustre but for a few scattered firs and hollies, and some straggling clumps of the feathery birch. The nightingales were singing around, the wood-pigeons cooing overhead, and the father and daughter passed slowly and silently along, as if engrossed by the sweetness of the morning and the loveliness of the scene.

They were thinking of nothing less; as was proved by the first question of the governor, who, always impatient of any pause in conversation, demanded of his daughter "what answer he was to return to the offer of Lord Fitzalan."

"A courteous refusal, my dear father, if you please," answered Constance.

"But I do not please," replied her father, with his crossset whistle. "Here you say No! and No! and No! to every body instead of marrying some one or other of these young men who flock round you, and giving me the comfort of seeing a family of grandchildren about me in my old age. No to this lord! and No to that! I verily believe you mean to die an old maid."

"I do not expect to live to be an old maid," sighed Constance; "but nothing is so unlikely as my marrying."

"Whew!" ejaculated the governor. "So she means to die as well as her cousin! What has put that notion in your head, Constance? Are you ill?"

"Not particularly," replied the daughter. "But yet I am persuaded that my life will be a short one. And so, my dear father, as you told me the other day that now that I am of age I ought to make my will, I have just been following your advice."

"Oh! that accounts for your thinking of dying. Every body at first making a will expects not to survive above a week or two. I did not myself, I remember, some forty years ago, when, having scraped a few hundreds together, I thought it a duty to leave them to somebody. But I got used to the operation as I became richer and older. Well, Constance! you have a pretty little fortune to bequeath—about three hundred thousand pounds, as I take it. What have you done with your money?—not left it to me, I hope?"

"No, dear father, you desired me not."

"That's right. But whom have you made your heir? Your maid, Nannette? or your lap-dog, Bijou?—they are your prime pets—or the County Hospital? or the Literary Fund? or the National Gallery? or the British Museum?—eh, Constance?"

"None of these, dear father. I have left my property where it will certainly be useful, and I think well used—to my cousin Henry of Lisle-End."

"Her cousin Henry of Lisle-End!" re-echoed the father, smiling. "So so! Her cousin Henry!"

"But keep my secret, I conjure you, dear father!" pursued Constance, eagerly.

"Her cousin Henry!" said the governor to himself, sitting down on the side of the bank to calculate: "her cousin Henry! And she may be queen of Lisle-End, as this key proves, queen of the lake, and the land, and the land's master. And the three hundred thousand pounds will more than clear away the mortgages, and I can take care of her jointure and the younger children. I like your choice exceedingly, Constance," continued her father, drawing her to him on the bank.

"Oh, my dear father, I beseech you keep my secret!"

"Yes, yes, we'll keep the secret quite as long as it shall be necessary. Don't blush so, my charmer, for you have no need. Let me see—there must be a six months' mourning—but the preparations may be going just the same. And, in spite of my foolish brother and his foolish will, my Constance will be lady of Lisle-End."

And within six months the wedding did take place; and, if there could be a happier person than the young bride-groom or his lovely bride, it was the despotic but kind-hearted governor.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Without mutual respect there can be but little domestic happiness. Many newly married couples lavish their affection upon each other for a few weeks, and then give way to disputes and quarrels. As they advance in their matrimonial existence, they become more negligent in their conduct; those little attentions by which they before rendered each other agreeable, are forgotten or despised; less attention is paid to their exterior; they grow more indifferent, and care but little whether they please or offend. Finally, rudeness will extinguish the last spark of respect, they will contend about trifles, exact unusual obedience, and seek, if possible, to revenge every trifling wrong.

You must govern your children and servants with proper respect and dignity. Let every censure, every command, every denial of their requests be given without too much authority. If they have been guilty of error, do not reprove them before others; but show them their own unworthiness in private. They will love you for your delicacy; they will obey your commands with more cheerfulness, and their happiness will not be embittered by the ridicule of their companions.

Wouldst thou behold domestic misery? thou wilt find it in families where there is no discipline—where parents publicly expose the faults of their children—where brothers and sisters are permitted to quarrel and inflict blows with impunity—where a discontented wife is always abusing her servants. These, indeed, are the abodes of misery.

He who would receive respect must show it to others. It is not our rank in society but rather our exemplary virtue that must awaken the respect of others.

Where there is suspicion and distrust there can be no domestic peace. If we confide in the honesty of a person, he is led to respect himself, and therefore would not willingly lessen our good opinion of him.

The husband and wife, who have entered into so sacred an alliance, should never make use of any little artifice or untruth, however innocent, to deceive each other. Let there be nothing concealed one from the other; then your minds can not be poisoned by unhalloved suspicion or jealousy, which, if once kindled, burns with all the raging and unquenchable fires of hell.

Do not lessen the confidence that your children may repose in you. Let them not conceal from you their faults. Do not make them deceitful by your severity. In whom shall they confide, if their hearts must be locked in the presence of their parents? If they hide from you their faults, it is because they have no reliance upon your affections.

Let there be an earnest desire to keep up a mutual confidence between husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants. Respect the present good qualities of the latter, and never accuse them of any former error. This would be an end to their respect and esteem. Never encourage a disposition to recall past offences among your children or servants.

It should be a regulation of every house that its economy or domestic concerns should not be publicly exposed by its inmates. None—not even the nearest relations—should share in such secrets. It is destructive of all peace and happiness. Our home is a sanctuary too sacred to be invaded. Idle curiosity should not be admitted that it may go into the streets and highways, to unbosom our secrets to the gaping crowd.

Our children and servants ought not to make known the most trifling incident that occurs in the house. Not that there is always danger to be apprehended; but they should be accustomed to a proper degree of silence. Be careful to banish all tale bearers, tattlers, and slanderers from your presence! If you would have your own secrets respected, then respect those of others. Do not inquire too eagerly after the affairs of your neighbors; particularly if they do not concern you.

And, most merciful God, in whatever situation of life I may be placed, it will be my secret pride and happiness to encourage domestic peace and tranquility.—Be thou a ruler of my own family! Guide and instruct us with thy wisdom, and take us all into thy protection! Blessed and animated by thee, we have already a sweet foretaste of heaven!

ESSAYS.

THEORETIC SCEPTICISM.

In almost every age of the world, a strange and unreasonable scepticism with respect to new theories, seems to have been one of the prevailing characteristics. Nor is the present, although it has been called an age of improvement, by any means free from this charge. Whilst innovations, which possess a flattering exterior, and which at first bear the appearance of plausibility, although totally unworthy, are seized upon with a rash avidity; theories, which from the time and labor bestowed upon their formation, justly deserve a more calm consideration, are with the same rashness rejected on account of their immediate incomprehensibility. Indeed, it seems that all generations have considered themselves too wise, to be duped by the pretension of any man or any set of men, and from their ill-judging confidence have been led into ridiculous and unjust extremes. And while they have regarded theories which required active exertion of the intellect in their development, as the schemes of pretending, or the imaginings of foolish men; they have, by their credulity in projects of minor considerations, which might present an external show of speciousness, laid themselves open to the pretensions of quacks and mountebanks. They have accepted with eager minds, the vain and floating speculations of more vain and wandering intellects, while they have not deigned to receive conclusions, attained by successive steps of profound and elaborate reflection—conclusions which are “the legitimate issue of those rational faculties implanted in us by the Almighty; the exclusive property as well as boast of our intellectual natures.”

But here let us not be understood as advocating an indiscriminate reception of theories. This would, indeed, be remedying one evil with a greater. But we would be considered as advocating the reasonableness of giving all theories, as far as lies in our power, a calm and candid consideration.

True it is, that some are the mere ebullitions of an excited intellect, and are so obviously the chimeras of the brain, that all upon a little reflection may discover their absurdity. But equally true is it, that many of those theories which have been regarded as visionary, and have been consigned by a hastily-judging generation to oblivion, have been the results of long continued experiments, and laborious research.

Now why should this indiscriminate rejection of theories so much prevail, as it obviously does? Is it because the proclaimers of them are unenlightened in the mysteries of science, and unworthy from their ignorance to be the recipients of public regard and encouragement? Experience testifies to the contrary. No matter what may be the literary character of an individual, or what advancement he may have made in the investigation of truths; let him but profess to be the discoverer of a new theory which may not, upon its bare enunciation, be comprehended by all intellects, and he will probably meet with ridicule, and his theory be treated with cold indifference.

Neither can this scepticism be the result of a conviction that all the secrets of nature have been developed. It has been justly and aptly said, “we tread on ambush truths.” The very fire which warms us, the air we breathe, the earth which supports us, and the water which so variously administers to our wants, are perhaps the agents for the constitution of some new, and in the estimation of man, impossible results.

Thus judging from natural causes, the immortal Fulton projected, and notwithstanding the ridicule of an unreasonable world, carried into execution, his theory of compelling the powers of steam to subserve to purposes of navigation. So likewise Franklin, trusting to the testimony of experiment, and reasoning also from nature, was enabled, like the fabled Prometheus of old, to steal fire from heaven; and by guarding against its dangers to entail upon the world a permanent blessing. From these two illustrations, which have been selected as being of modern date, and from hosts of others which might be urged, we may infer by analogical reasoning, that the secrets of nature have not all been developed in the formation of theories.

Again, granting for a moment, that all intellects are equal in power, it is, notwithstanding, an indisputable fact, that continued application to one particular science will ensure success in that science; whilst to the rest of mankind, all pertaining to it may appear dark and mysterious. Why then do we exclude the theorist from this general rule? Why may not he, by confining all the powers of his intellect to the study of na-

ture, discover new laws, deduce new truths, and from the laws and truths thus developed, lay the foundation for the establishment of permanent and useful theories? And should we object to them because we do not immediately understand them; because we are not able to follow the theorist through all the processes of his discovery and can not at once comprehend his reasoning? Let us examine the theories which are now permanently established, and we shall probably learn that by far the greater part, were, in the incipient stages of their establishment, as incomprehensible to the mind of every one (but that of the theorist) as are to us the most complicated theories of the present day. When Columbus first made known his theory of a new world, although he supported it by reasoning which appears to us the most conclusive, he was regarded throughout all the kingdoms of the world where his theory was known, as suffering under the aberrations of intellect. Yet he, having from a careful consideration of the natural structure of the world, and from incidental circumstances, a firm conviction of the truth of his theory, resolved to persevere; and after bearing for seven long years the ridicule of an united world, was enabled to wring from the court of Spain a reluctant assistance in the prosecution of his project. The result surpassed by far the most sanguine expectations of even Columbus himself.

What would the ancient Greeks, (even when in the height of their prosperity they stood pre-eminent in the arts and sciences) what, I say, would they have thought of that prophet, who could have foretold to them that in the fifteenth century, man would ride triumphantly and safely, over waters as much superior to their own Mediterranean, as that is superior to their most insignificant inlets. How would they have considered him, had he foretold the art of printing, of navigation by steam, or of the power of man to explore the aerial regions? Undoubtedly he would have been regarded as possessing a degree of folly or madness, which would justly bear the palm from the most visionary of the present day. How then do we know, that there are not truths capable of development existing in nature, which are as far beyond our present immediate comprehension, as would have been the cases just cited beyond the understanding of the ancients. Perhaps theories may hereafter be established, which could they be now foretold to us would excite only a smile of utter incredulity.

Surely then, since we can not doubt that nature is still the retainer of secret laws and truths; since we can not doubt that those who make the investigation of these laws and truths their constant study, will almost assuredly meet with success in their development; certainly we are not performing the parts of reasonable beings in withholding from the theorist our support in the investigation of truths; much less in obstructing his way by groundless objections, or by treating his pretensions with ridicule.—*Tuliman.*

CAUSES OF TRANSATLANTIC CALUMNIES.

Should we employ, says the editor of the North American Magazine, the enthusiastic and energetic language which our heart suggests, to express our reverence and admiration of the intellect and affections of our most valued friend, Dr. Beasley, we might be accused of extravagance and exaggeration. We are not among the number of those who forget friends and foes; and, therefore, our judgments are neither affected nor insincere. Preliminary to certain observations on the writings of the editor of this work, Doctor Beasley has so cogently developed the causes of our present vassal condition, that we can not forbear to extract his remarks:

“We are in the constant habit of hearing and reading the severest strictures upon American genius and taste, by European, and especially English writers and reviewers, and the charges which they repeat against us, it must be acknowledged, are repelled by our writers and speakers with a sufficient share of resentment and indignation. This sensibility to injury upon our part is perfectly natural and laudable; the extreme, into which travelers through our country have extended their disparagement and villification, has not only defeated all the salutary purposes which might be accomplished by a just and liberal criticism and animadversion, but justified the most indignant disclaimer and vehement recrimination. While, however, we admit that we share our full proportion of that resentment with which the breasts of our countrymen are fired, by the vile misrepresentations and calumnies of ignorant and prejudiced travelers and reviewers, we must take the liberty to remark, that our countrymen have not

resorted to the most effectual expedients by which to stop the mouths of cavillers, and raise our literary and scientific reputation above the reach of reproach and censure. It will not relieve us from the accusation of a deficiency in profound learning and correct taste, to allege, as is frequently done, that we are, perhaps, at this time, the best informed nation upon earth, taken as a community; that, considering the infant state of the republic, we have performed wonders in the improvements of the soil, the cultivation of the useful arts, and the introduction and establishment of wise and wholesome institutions, religious, civil, and political, and in all those preliminary efforts, which lay the foundations of our future greatness, prosperity and eminence as a nation. To be an active and enterprising people, does not imply a scientific and literary one. It will not be denied by any intelligent and impartial foreigner, that as a rising community we have never been surpassed, if ever equalled, in intelligence, activity and every species of useful enterprise. But, although we have a just claim to all this praise, which is by no means to be undervalued, yet this does not show that we have attained to an excellence in the fine arts, become distinguished by profound erudition, or have reason to boast of our literary pretensions. No nation will or can ever merit this exalted distinction, without adopting those expedients, and resorting to those measures, which are indispensable to this end. It is altogether desirable in all States, and inseparable from the prosperity of a republican government, that the whole body of the people should be enlightened by education; but if we wish to arrive at superiority in science, taste and letters, we must furnish to a small portion of the citizens the means of education in its highest perfection, and adequate encouragement to men of science and literature. Our colleges must be richly endowed, supplied with numerous Professors, who are adequately rewarded for their talents and learning; their systems of instruction and course of study must be enlarged, and the most liberal encouragement given to all the finished productions of genius. Is it to be expected, that men will make the sacrifice of devoting their lives to the pursuits of science and letters, however strong may be their aptency for them, when the publication of those works, which are the fruits of incessant toil and application, will afford them neither honor, reputation nor profit? Who will waste his time in solitary meditation, or exhaust his strength amidst nightly vigils, when he is aware that the only recompense he shall receive during life, will be neglect, obscurity, want, and perhaps contempt and obloquy? The genius of a nation is a delicate plant, which must be watered by public encouragement and rewards, in order that it should produce its inestimable fruits. We are among the number of those who think, that in every nation, and in every age, there is always an adequate supply of talents and virtues among men, and that nature abhors a vacuum in this respect, if she do not in the physical world, and that the great distinctions, which have been exhibited between the different æras of the world, have arisen out of the variety in those causes which have been set into operation, to call forth the powers of men into vigorous and successful exercise. Hence the splendid displays of talent in the ages of Aristotle, of Cicero, of Pascal and of Newton. Let us set the same or similar causes into operation, and we may be assured the results will be similar. We have a large share of talent and virtue among us, to raise us to the highest distinction, did we but furnish it with adequate motives to vigorous and persevering exertion. Genius of all sorts would be displayed, did we but provide adequate means of exciting and fostering its latent powers.”

EXCERPTS.

An Italian philosopher expresses in his motto, that time was his estate: an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and generally satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to be wasted by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

Who can explain the operation of that sentiment which creates around the one object of our love, a halo of life and beauty, which extends to all animate and inanimate nature; and of that other sentiment which, when we cease to love, strips the object of our late passion of all its adventitious charms, and reduces it to the ordinary level?

Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

FERVID ELOQUENCE OF A QUAKER.—The following impassioned burst of deep and ardent feeling is one of the finest specimens of natural oratory we ever met with; the prose of the water is embued with the very spirit of poetry, while his warm and excited passion gushes forth in a resistless current of glowing eloquence. It seems Archdeacon Wilkins was exceedingly displeased at Mr. Howitt's "History of Priestcraft," and in an angry reply to that work makes use of the terms—"You, Sir, are a Quaker,—you, Sir, are a poet,—you, Sir, are a chemist;"—and then upbraids him for *stepping out of his vocation*. Mr. Howitt thus sarcastically and eloquently replies:—

"What business had I to quit my laboratory, and indulge in the pleasures of literature? In those pursuits which, according to Cicero, 'adulescentiam alunt, senectutem, oblectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoscant nobiscum, peregrinantes!'—What business had I to do this? It is true, little as I have done, I have already had my reward, in the life and strength and joy of my own spirit, and in the communion into which it has brought me with some of the first of minds. What business had Burns to leave his fields, where he

—Walked in glory and in joy,
Following the plough along the mountain side?"

Why left he his fathoming of ale firkins, to write the merry Tam O'Shanter; the beautiful picture of humble and pious Scottish life—the Cottar's Saturday night; and songs and small poems, to whose quick spirit the heart of the Scottish exile, "encamped by Indian rivers wild," throbs tumultuously,

—And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls!"

And what business had Hogg to march out of Ettrick forest, and go waving his gray tartan up the streets of Edinburgh, strong in his marvelous resolve to enrol his name amid the poets of the land? Oh, James, James, 'with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?' I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart! What business hadst thou at the Queen's Wake? At the Court of Queen Hynde?—reclining in the glen, listening to the unearthly words of the pure Kilmeny; dancing with the fairies; telling of the Brownie of Bodsbeck; or singing one strong and peerless song of God's Omnipresence? What business had Allan Ramsay to go before thee, chanting of the Gentle Shepherd? or a far greater Allan to come after thee, from the depths of Nithsdale, and casting down his mallet and chisel among his native rocks, dare to enter London and seat himself amid all the fair handiworks of Chantrey? What had he to do with collecting the songs of Scotland, or making mighty ballads of his own?

'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,'

What were they to him?—he was overstepping his natural functions. O, honest Allan Cunningham! what business hadst thou with these things! And what business had Wm. Roscoe to leave his mother's tap; to give over carrying out her pots of beer, and to go and write the lives of Popes and Italian Princes; to enoble his own mind; to cast a splendor over his native town, and to leave a heritage to his children richer than a patent of nobility? And what business had those shoemakers, Bloomfield the Farmer's Boy, and Gifford, the terror of dunces and the pride of Tories, to quit their stalls, and care to become famous? And those drapers' sons, Pope and Southey, and honest Isaac Walton, what wrongheadedness was theirs! What right had Isaac to haunt the Dove, and Shawford Brook, and the Thames, with his rod and line, and go in summer meadows, making sermons to himself of such beautiful and serene piety, as seldom issues from the lithographic press for the use of State Priests? He has written the lives of certain Church worthies too; and yet it is very questionable, that presumption of his. Those apothecaries, Crabbe and Keats, why did they not stick to their vocation, and avoid spoiling us with so much good poetry? What pity is it that our prudent Archdeacon was not present when Ben Jonson threw down his hod of mortar, and Shakespeare left off poaching, to warn them against the sin of writing dramas? Could he have prevailed on John Wilson, and John Wilson, and John Gibson Lockhart, and Walter Scott, and Sharon Turner, to abide by their parchments and pens, what reading of multitudinous volumes might we have been spared! Washington left his farming to liberate his country; Franklin his types, to frame a constitution for her; and Dr. Wilkins was not at hand to cry, 'overstep not the proper limits of your profession!' From the ranks of trade, from the very peasantry of the country, ascend to eminence Clergymen, Lawyers, and Merchants; three-fourths of our nobility have sprung from the same source; and yet the enterprise of these men is very questionable, for numbers of them, with the happy daring of Sir Richard Arkwright, reached distinction by overstepping the proper limits of their original professions. Nothing, therefore, can be more questionable, for Archdeacon Wilkins questions it!"

THE SABBATH.—We copy the following interesting and appropriate reflections from the last number of the *Talisman*, a monthly magazine printed in Utica and conducted by the senior class of Hamilton College:—

"It was a bright, mild day of summer; such as we often experience during that season in our quiet northern climate. The morn'g sun, as he shed his benign rays on the fair face of nature, was greeted in turn with her grateful smile and her thousand woodland voices. Each bough, that waved gently in the breeze, was vocal with melody; and the waters, sparkling in the slanting rays, seemed to rejoice in escaping from their retired fountains and pursuing their reckless course, like the wayward youth who wanders from his native home, unmindful that he will return to its peaceful shades no more. The universal animation, beauty, and harmony of nature were undisturbed by human intrusion. The din of the mechanic was not heard in the quiet village, and the ploughboy's whistle was hushed in the field: for man, retiring from the bustle of worldly employment, had devoted that day to contemplation and praise.

"At length the deep tones of the church bell summoned us to the house of prayer. As we entered its sacred precincts, sensations at once grateful and solemn stole over the mind. Music—that potent charm to bind the soul—lent its soothing influence to 'quell the passions into peace, and raise our thoughts to heaven.' The morning prayer breathed the spirit of dependence and gratitude; and the feeling tone with which the speaker pronounced 'Our Father,' evinced that his words did not flow mechanically, but were the sincere expressions of a grateful heart. The same spirit of fervent piety pervaded his discourse; which teemed with instruction, and was listened to with silent attention. He dwelt principally on the beneficence of that holy Being from whom we derive all our happiness, and who has condescended to reveal himself to his dependent creatures by the affectionate appellation of 'Father!' And in illustrating the justness and beauty of the comparison implied by this endearing title, the mellow voice of the speaker faltered, as he reverted to the by-gone scenes of childhood, when, surrounded by young, fraternal companions, a father's smile was his brightest joy, and a father's arm his strong protection.

"The theme itself was eloquence: but the simple, pure, and unaffected language with which it was presented, produced a glowing impress on every heart. And when again that music breathed its enraptured harmony, and elevated the soul to sublime conceptions, it seemed to enjoy a foretaste of that pure and tranquil happiness which partakes not of earthly alloy. And, indeed, when is music more in unison with our feelings, than while we contemplate the benevolence of our Creator, and the enjoyment of immortality?"

—Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment. Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains, and elysian groves,
And vales of bliss."

"The services of the day were past, and it was now the hour of sunset. But that bright orb, as he stooped from his high career and assumed a milder but more imposing grandeur, seemed loth to leave a scene so full of beauty.

It was indeed delightful to look forth on a landscape so rich and varied—where the fertile vale, enlivened by the meandering flow of chrysal waters, and decked with orchards and waving fields, formed so pleasing a contrast to the deep-clouded green of the forest hills as they rose successively in fine relief, till they were lost in the distance, and seemed united to the horizon. There, too, was the clear blue sky, spotless as a sainted spirit, but slightly tinged in the west with the softest shade of vermillion, as if to mock the proud cheek of beauty, or the painter's boasted imitation.

"While I contemplated the magnificent beauty and order of all around, the following reflections, introduced perhaps by the past exercises of the day, entered my mind.

"I thought of the melancholy heedlessness of those who pass a long life in the enjoyment of unnumbered blessings, without bestowing an hour of calm consideration on the ultimate design of their existence—who value all they see only as it can be made to subserve their own groveling inclinations—who think of an omniscient Being only in their disappointments, and mention his name only to blaspheme. But more lamentable even than the condition of these, is his, who, gifted with many of the most excellent endowments, warm affections, quick perception, and an ardent desire for knowledge, presses forward in his search for truth with a fatal precipitancy. For, instead of tracing the necessary dependence of cause and effect with almost mathematical certainty, till he arrive at the full and satisfactory conviction of a great first cause, he hurries on through perplexing labyrinths, till, disgusted with the evident folly of those who pretend to point the way, and yet go as madly astray as himself, and 'intoxicated with shallow draughts of knowledge,' he at length sinks in the desponding conclusion that all is the production of a blind chance; that the existence of a God is a delusion of the imagination, and a future state an unreal vision. What enjoyment can there be for such a being? Can he derive any from contemplating the beauties of nature? His taste is corrupted. He looks on them with apathy; for he sees

not in them the marks of a divine formation. Will he find it in social friendship? Alas! disappointment awaits him. Death freezes the warmest hearts; and ties that have withstood the world's rude buffeting are sundered by the tyrant's grasp. And the tears that he sheds over that still, cold bosom, which once throbbed in unison with his own, are indeed bitter, for his grief knows no consolation. Will conjugal love and paternal endearments yield him solace, and fill the void in his heart? Time withers the beauty he admired, and in the innocent beings that prattle around him are planted the seeds of decay. The thought of this shoots a pang to his heart, for he feels that they too must separate. Blighted in his affections, and exposed to the cold world's neglect, he approaches the grave, while no ray of hope, no consoling anticipation of re-union with those he has loved, beams on his desolation!

How different the situation of him whose trust is in Heaven! Though adversity's storms may howl around him, and though he be deprived of all that is dear on earth, he can turn to his greatest and best Friend, and be comforted. And with a firm reliance on his omnipotent goodness, viewing the death of friends as a short but necessary separation, he waits in tranquil anticipation of the time when he shall again meet them in the undisturbed enjoyment of one continued Sabbath."

POTATOES.—M. Parmentier, who had learned the value of the potato as an article of food in the prisons of Germany, overcame the prejudices entertained against them in France, where they were said to produce leprosy, fevers, and no one knows what diseases. His mode of rendering them popular and desirable was curious; for he began by cultivating them in the open fields, and causing them to be carefully guarded by day only: he was but too happy when he was informed, that this apparent caution had induced depredation by night. He then obtained from the King of France the favor of wearing a bunch of potato blossoms in the button-hole of his coat, at a solemn fete; and nothing more was required to cause some of the great lords of the kingdom to order its cultivation on their estates. Not, however, till the last years of his life, was he completely successful; and during the great revolution he was rejected as a magistrate, because he had invented potatoes.—*Memoirs of Cuvier.*

No moral perceptions are so blunt as those of the selfish; theirs is the worst of near-sightedness—that of the heart.

GLEANINGS FROM NEW WORKS.

FROM DR. RUSSEL'S NUBIA AND ABYSSINIA.

THE NILE.

The Nile has with justice been represented as one of the wonders of the globe. Its course has been compared to the path of a good man amid a wicked generation. It passes through a desert, dry, barren, and hideous; on the portions of which, contiguous to its banks, it deposits the richest soil, which it continually waters and nourishes. This gift has been the source of subsistence to several powerful nations, who have established and overthrown mighty kingdoms, and have originated the arts, the learning, and the refinement of the greater part of the ancient world. Those nations—instructors and pupils—have perished; but the remains of their stupendous labors, the pyramids and the temples of Egypt, Nubia, Dongola, and Meroe, are more than sufficient to excite respect for the great people who founded them.

Under this impression a voyage up the Nile may be considered as presenting an epitome of the life of man. We meet at almost every stage with the monuments of his tyranny, his superstition, or his luxury, but with few memorials of his talents directed to the improvement and protection of his fellow-creatures. We also everywhere perceive the traces of Almighty justice on his crimes. On the banks of this ancient river we behold cities, once famous for power and wealth, reduced to a heap of sand like the wilderness; and temples, once renowned, and colossal idols, at one time feared, now prostrate, and confounded with the dust of the worshippers. The flocks lie down in the midst thereof; the cormorant and bittern lodge in the towers and palaces: their voice sings in the windows, and desolation is in the thresholds. The Nile, meantime, which has seen so many generations rise and disappear, still moves onward to distribute its fertilizing fluid to the countries on its borders; like the good Providence, which seems unwearied in trying to overcome the ingratitude of man by the many favors it bestows upon him.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLEH.

Near the parallel of the twenty-first degree of latitude, and about four hundred paces from the western bank, stand the ruins of this magnificent fane. In advancing towards it the eye is first attracted by an elevated stone foundation thirty feet in thickness, extending in front of the temple, and of equal length with the portal.

The remains of two sphinxes are seen at either side of the approach, where there was a stair case which led to the main building, now in a state of complete dilapidation. The front of the portal, of which only a part is left, is about a hundred and seventy-five feet long; and the width of the steps is not less than fifty-seven feet. The wall, which is twenty-four feet thick, is not solid, but contains a variety of cells, set apart, it may be presumed, for a variety of uses, no longer obvious to the uninitiated.

The first chamber is more than a hundred feet in breadth, and eighty-nine in depth; round three sides of which runs a single row of pillars, while on the fourth there are indications of a double row; making in the whole thirty columns, of which seven are still standing and perfect. They seem all to have been executed from the same model; the diameter of the base being sixty-seven inches, and the height about forty feet. They are inscribed with hieroglyphics only, and exhibit no figures which can properly be referred to the hand of the sculptor.

There is a second chamber, in which it is still possible to trace a row of twenty-four pillars resembling those in the first; but their fragments are scattered about in every direction. The very bases of some of them are rooted up, and the mud foundation on which they stood is completely exposed. So entire yet so partial a ruin, it is remarked, can only be attributed to the sudden yielding of the ground; for an earthquake would not have spared the columns which remain in other parts of the edifice.

It is difficult to ascertain the dimensions of the adytum, as no trace of the side-walls can be detected, and only a few feet of the one which had formed the remote end of that splendid sanctuary. It is manifest, however, that it must have contained twelve pillars, and not more, and of these there are three still entire. The rest have fallen chiefly towards the Nile, under the assault of their powerful enemy the desert; and even one of those which stand is already so much inclined in the same direction that it must shortly take a place beside the others. The lower parts of all the columns bear representations of figures about three feet high, of which the inferior half is concealed by a tablet inscribed with hieroglyphics. They are executed in the very best style, as are all the sculptures remaining in the temple, though in some places they have not been finished. Among these Jupiter Ammon appears twice; and to him it is more than probable, that the whole structure was originally dedicated.

Mr. Waddington observes, that the temple of Soleb affords the lightest specimen he had any where seen of Egyptian or Ethiopian architecture. The sandstone, of which most of the columns are composed, is beautifully streaked with red, giving them from a distance a rich and glowing tint. As the walls have almost entirely disappeared and the roof fallen in, there remains no ponderous heap of masonry to destroy the effect of these beautiful pillars, backed by the mountains of the desert or the clear blue horizon. Here the man of taste does not contemplate a gloomy edifice, where heaviness is substituted for dignity, height for sublimity, and size for grandeur, nor measures a pyramidal mass of stone-work, climbing up to heaven in defiance of nature and propriety. "We seemed," says the traveler just named, "to be at Segesta, at Phigalea, or at Suzium, where lightness, and color, and elegance of proportion, contrasted with the gigantic scenery about them, make the beauty of the buildings more lovely, and their durability more wonderful. There is no attempt to imitate or rival the sublimity that surrounds them; they are content to be the masterpieces of art, and therefore they and nature live on good terms together, and set off each other's beauty. Those works that aim at more than this, after exhausting treasures, and costing the life and happiness of millions, must be satisfied at last to be called hillocks."

THE TROGLodyTES OR CAVE-DWELLERS.

The high grounds which divide Abyssinia from the coast of the Red Sea are known among geographers as constituting the country of the Troglodytes or cave-dwellers. The nature of the soil and climate has in all ages kept the inhabitants in a uniform state of savage wretchedness. Separated into tribes, and subject to hereditary chiefs, they lived formerly, and in many parts still continue to live, on the produce of their flocks, consisting principally of goats, aided by a little skill in the art of fishing. The hollows of the rocks are their ordinary dwellings; a kind of lodging which was anciently adopted in many other countries of the world. We find traces of such a usage at the foot of Caucasus and of Mount Atlas, in Mesia, in Italy, also in France and Spain, and even in some parts of our native land. In Sicily there is an example of a whole town formed by excavation in the body of the hill. But of all the races who have dwelt in caverns, the Troglodytes of the Arabian Gulf have longest preserved the habits and the name.

Mr. Belzoni, who in his excursion to the Red Sea came near the countries now under consideration, met with a fisherman who was probably a fair specimen of that class of the inhabitants. He lived in a tent only five feet broad, with his wife, daughter, and son-in-law. He had no boat, but went forth on his vocation seated on the trunk of a doon-tree, and accompanied by the youth who made part of his family. This very simple raft was ten or twelve feet long, at each end of which was a piece of wood attached in a horizontal direction, so as to prevent the log from turning round. At one of the points a small pole was

stuck upright to serve as a mast, on the top of which there was a slight spar secured horizontally like that below. A woollen shawl thrown over it, and fastened at each end as well as to the ship of wood, formed a kind of sail; while the two fishermen, mounted on the trunk as if on horseback, by means of a cord attached to their substitute for canvass, took more or less wind as was required. But, as the traveler remarks, "it is only when the wind blows either from north or south that such a contrivance can serve; for if it blows from the east they can not set off their boat from the shore; or if it blows from the west it will carry them too far out to sea. When the fishermen are thus at some distance from the shore, I know not by what means the rest of the operation is executed; but from what I could see, they darted their long thin spear at the fish when they happened to see any, and by these means they procured their subsistence."

SINGULAR MODE OF TRAFFICK.

It is generally agreed that the Macrobians, or long-lived Ethiopians, occupy the country which stretches eastward from the straits of Bab el Mandeb along the African coast. The following extract from Cosmas, usually called Indicopleustes, relates, it is probable, to the same people, and perhaps affords an explanation of the least credible part of the narrative given by the story of Cambyses,—their notice in regard to the Altar or Temple of the Sun. "The land of frankincense," says he, "lies at the farthest end of Ethiopia, fifty days' journey from Axum, at no great distance from the ocean, though it does not touch it. The inhabitants of the neighboring Barbaria, or the country of Sasu, fetch from thence frankincense and other costly spices, which they transport by water to Arabia Felix and India. This country of Sasu is very rich in gold mines. Every year the king of Axum sends some of his people to this place for gold. These are joined by many other merchants, so that altogether they form a caravan of about five hundred persons. They carry with them oxen, salt, and iron. When they arrive upon the frontiers of the country they take up their quarters, and make a large barrier of thorns. In the mean time, having slain and cut up their oxen, they lay the pieces of flesh, as well as the iron and salt, upon the thorns. Then come the inhabitants and place one or more parcels of gold upon the wares, and wait outside the enclosure. The owners of the flesh and other goods then examine whether this be equal to the price or not. If so, they take the gold, and the others take the wares; if not, the latter still add more gold, or take back what they had already put down. The trade is carried on in this manner because the languages are different, and they have no interpreter: it takes about five days to dispose of the goods they bring with them."

THE TEMPLE OF EBSAMBOL.

Of all the temples belonging to the class of excavations that of Ebsamboul is by far the most striking. The desert in the course of centuries had so completely overwhelmed it with sand, that nothing more appeared to the eye of the traveler through Nubia than the bust of one of the colossal figures which were placed in front of the entrance. The dimensions of this statue were, however, so great as to excite a deep feeling of curiosity among all who examined it. Finati, who was in the service of Mr. Banks, relates, that when he stood upon a level with the neck of the statue he could hardly reach the beard, while one of the sailors climbed and sat across upon the ear; yet the countenance, he adds, seen at its proper distance, appeared very beautiful.

At a later date a party, consisting of Mr. Belzoni, Captains Irby and Mangles, Giovanni himself, who attended in character of janizary, and two servants, undertook to remove the sand, so far at least as to ascertain whether there were a door or any other access to the interior. They at first relied upon the assistance of the natives, who willingly entered into terms; but the increasing fatigue, the hopeless nature of the undertaking, and perhaps other motives which were never very distinctly understood, induced them to break their engagement. If our travelers neglected the means of attracting and conciliating the people, they proved at least that they knew admirably well how to make shift without them; for no sooner was all external aid withdrawn, than with a zeal and spirit, and a perseverance not to be exceeded, they undertook at a very hot season of the year, and with a scanty supply of necessities, to complete the labor in their own persons. They continued working day after day in the sand, from sunrise till after dark, relieving each other in turn every four hours, and stripping to the skin for the exertion. Some of the number, says Finati, and especially the two captains, did each with his own hands the work of ten Nubians.

Alluding to the scanty supply of food amid their unremitting toil, he remarks, that "one of the expedients resorted to for driving us to desist or forcing us to terms was to starve us out of the place, and in consequence little or nothing was brought thither for sale; it was very rare that we had any meat during all our stay, and no milk or butter latterly, so that we were frequently reduced to a meal or two of dhoura corn boiled in water, with occasionally a glass of date-brandy after it."

After a continuance of these exertions and privations upwards of three weeks, a corner of the doorway at length became visible. At that very moment, when fresh clamors and new disputes were going on with the natives, Finati,

being the slenderest of the party, crept through into the interior, and was thus perhaps, as he himself remarks, the first that entered it for a thousand years. Unlike all the other grottos in Egypt and Nubia, its atmosphere, instead of presenting a refreshing coolness, was a hot and damp vapor, resembling that of a Turkish bath, and so penetrating, that paper soon became so much saturated with moisture as if it had been dropped into the river. It was, however, a consoling as well as an unexpected circumstance, that the run of sand extended but a very little inside the door, while the remainder of the chambers were all clear and unencumbered.

The first impression convinced them that it was evidently a very large place; but their astonishment increased when they found it to be one of the most magnificent of temples, enriched with beautiful intaglios, paintings, and colossal figures. The pronaos is fifty-seven feet long and fifty-two wide, supported by two rows of square pillars in a straight line from the front to the door of the sekos. Each pillar has a figure not unlike those of Medinet Abou, finely executed, and very little injured by time. The tops of their turbans reach the ceiling, which is about thirty feet high; the pillars are five feet and a half square. Both these and the walls are covered with splendid carvings, the style of which is somewhat superior, or at least bolder, than that of any in Egypt, not only in the workmanship, but also in the subjects. They exhibit battles, storming of castles, triumphs over enemies, and numerous sacrifices. Some of the colors are much injured by the close and heated atmosphere, the temperature of which was so great that the thermometer must have risen to a hundred and thirty degrees.

The second hall is about twenty-two feet high, thirty-seven wide, and twenty-five and a half long. It contains four pillars more than three feet square; and the walls are also covered with fine hieroglyphics in pretty good preservation. Beyond this is a shorter chamber, but of the same width, in which is the entrance into the sanctuary. At each end of it is a door leading into smaller apartments in the same direction with the adytum, each eight feet by seven. The sanctuary itself is twenty-three feet long and twelve feet broad. It presents a pedestal in the centre, and at the end four colossal figures in a sitting posture; all in good order, not having been mutilated by any violent means.

On the right side of the great hall, entering into the temple, are two doors at a short distance from each other, which lead into two separate rooms; the first thirty-nine feet in length and eleven and a half wide; the other forty-eight feet and a half by thirteen feet three inches. At the end of the former are several unfinished hieroglyphics, of which some, though merely sketched, give fine ideas of their manner of drawing. At the lateral corners of the entrance from the first into the second chamber are doors, each of which conducts into an apartment twenty-two feet and a half long and ten feet broad. These rooms open into others, forty-three feet in length and eleven feet wide.

But the most remarkable subjects in this temple are a group of captive Ethiopians in the western corner; the hero killing a man with his spear, another lying slain under his feet; and the storming of a castle in the vicinity. The outside or external front is truly magnificent. It is a hundred and seventeen feet wide and eight-six feet high; the space from the top of the cornice to the top of the door being sixty-six feet six inches, and the dimensions of the door itself twenty feet. There are four enormous colossal figures in the attitude of sitting; the largest indeed in Nubia or Egypt, except the great sphinx at the Pyramids, to which they approach in the proportion of nearly two thirds. From the shoulder to the elbow they measure fifteen feet six inches; the ears three feet six inches; the face seven feet; the beard five feet six inches; across the shoulders twenty-five feet four inches; their height is about fifty-one feet, not including the caps, which are about fourteen. On the top of the door is a statue of Osiris twenty feet in length, with two colossal hieroglyphic figures, one on each side, looking towards the god. The temple has, besides a cornice with hieroglyphics, a torus and a frieze under it; the first is six feet broad, the last four feet. Above the cornice is a row of sitting monkeys, twenty-one in number, which are eight feet high and six across the shoulders. Belzoni remarks that it must have had a fine landing-place, now buried under the sand; adding that it is the best and largest temple excavated in the solid rock in Nubia between the first and second cataracts, or even in Egypt.

Finati states that the floors of all the apartments were covered over with a very black and fine dust, which, observing its resemblance to the remains of decayed lintels in most of the doorways, he conjectured to be pulverized wood. He observes also, that in the great hall there were eight colossal statues standing, four on a side, which seemed to bear the ceiling on their heads. There were found in it two detached figures of lions with faces of birds, which were dragged out for the purpose of being transmitted to Mr. Salt, with some other loose pieces of statuary collected in the several chambers; some of these to the right and left being less finely painted than the principal one, and appearing to have been devoted to sepulchral uses. The labor of taking plans and measurements, and some views as well as sketches from historical subjects delineated on the walls, occupied Mr. Beechey a few days; after which the party, who still found the utmost difficulty

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERBINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, DEC. 10, 1833.

SECOND VOLUME.—Subscribers intending to discontinue at the close of the present year, are requested to inform the proprietor as soon as possible. All from whom we do not hear previously to the 31st instant, we shall consider as engaged for the second volume. We would again remind our readers that next year this journal is to be enlarged, improved, and published weekly. It will consist of two general departments, each of which will usually occupy four pages. The first will be exclusively devoted to literature and science; the last to appropriate articles of general intelligence. The quantity of matter in each number will exceed by at least one-third that contained in the present sheet, while the price to those who pay in advance will be increased only half a dollar. Any persons desirous of acting as agents, may obtain prospectuses at the office, and will be allowed every sixth paper for themselves.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Many of our readers will probably remember, that nearly four years since, an expedition to the Arctic Regions was fitted out in England, by Capt. Ross and his nephew, two able and experienced navigators, the former of whom was chosen commander. So long an interval had elapsed since the last accounts from these intrepid sailors, that serious fears were entertained for the safety and even existence of the party. Another expedition, under the command of Capt. Back, was accordingly dispatched for their "possible rescue and relief." This "forlorn hope," as it was appropriately termed, has, however been superseded by the arrival at Hull, in Yorkshire, on the 18th Oct. of "Captain Ross, with the whole of his party except three, two of whom died on the passage out, and one at a later period." The most cordial reception was every where given to "the hardy veteran," who "was dressed in seal-skin trowsers, with the hair outwards, over which he wore a faded uniform; and the weather-beaten countenance of himself and his companions, bore evident marks of the hardships they had undergone, although they appeared in excellent health."

As it respects the primary object of the expedition, which was to discover a "north-west passage between the Western and Eastern Continents," the attempt may be safely termed a final one—"the result having been to establish, that there is no new [s.w.] passage south of 74 degrees." But "the true position of the magnetic pole has been discovered, and much valuable information obtained, for the improvement of geographical and philosophical knowledge." Indeed, "on the whole, it may be truly said, that this expedition has done more than any that preceded it; and let it be remembered that Capt. Ross and his nephew were volunteers, serving without pay, for the attainment of a great national object, in prosecuting which they have lost their all."

"With what intense anxiety," says the London Literary Gazette, "will the public look for the narrative of their adventures! And how satisfactory must it be to the subscribers to that fund which has dispatched Captain Back's expedition in search of them, that this manifestation of good feeling took place; that the country's name was rescued from the disgrace of leaving them to their fate; and that regardless of the bodings of croakers, a course was adopted alike honorable to the parties, and, now, so grateful to the hearts of their restored countrymen."

The latest intelligence received in England from Captain Back, was conveyed in letters dated Norway House, Jack River, 19th June, the tenor of which was favorable. A dispatch, by a winter express, is to be forwarded to him, acquainting him with Capt. Ross's return, and directing him to turn his attention now entirely to the second object of his mission, namely—completing the coast line of the north-eastern part of America, of which little more than one hundred and fifty miles remain to be traced."

TRAVELING AGENTS.—Wanted immediately, several suitable persons to procure subscribers for this journal, to whom a liberal remuneration will be given for their trouble.

* * A copy of the prospectus of our second volume will be left for signatures at the Book-store of A. W. WILGUS, 204, Main-street, Buffalo.

in obtaining provisions, descended the Nile. At a subsequent period Mr. Bankes visited Ebsamboul on which occasion, says his faithful janizary, was achieved a still greater labor, being no less than the unweaving of one of the four colossal sitting figures down to the very feet; for in the excavation which took place under the auspices of Belzoni, the disinterring of the statue was not accomplished lower than the waist, the doorway in the centre being then the sole aim and object. For this new purpose, therefore, the number of men employed was very great, and almost three weeks were devoted to it. When the work was finished the effect was unusually striking, from the complete preservation in which every part of this enormous statue was found; and attendant figures, also larger than life, were brought into view, one between the feet, and one at each extremity of the chair. A few letters scratched on the surface of the legs had, from the antiquity which he was disposed to ascribe to their form, excited Mr. Bankes's curiosity so much, that, judging it likely that the limbs of the colossus which was nearest to the door would furnish the best examples, he undertook to pursue the inquiry farther.

But to accomplish this object it was necessary so far to undo what had been done, that the sand was rolled down again on much of that statue which had been uncovered, in order to lay bare what was wanting of the adjoining figure; the distance from the river being too great to get rid of the dust altogether without a greater expenditure of time and labor than he could afford. Within three or four days, notwithstanding, a large and long inscription began to make its appearance, and to show itself above the surface by degrees; yet it lay so deep, and the position was so awkward for opening it, that it was a work of difficulty and contrivance to obtain the last line, which was only at length brought about by consolidating the sand with immense quantities of water poured upon it. The discovery, however, which delighted all who were concerned in making it, was considered an ample recompense for the toil.

But as soon as the writing was copied, the inferior part of the statue was again covered by the sand, which became dry and ran down. The next task was to clear the fourth colossal head,—which had never before emerged above the surface,—for the sake of making a general drawing of the whole; and the exterior was thus left greatly disencumbered for travelers who might come after, as the level of the drift was lowered many feet throughout its whole extent, especially where it encroaches with the greatest weight upon the front. The inside of the temple, meanwhile, was lighted up every day, and almost all day long, with from twenty to fifty small wax candles fixed upon clusters of palm-branches, which, being attached to upright poles, spread like the arms of a chandelier more than half-way to the ceiling. This enabled Mr. Bankes and the other draughtsmen to copy all the paintings in detail as they stood, almost naked, upon their ladders.

HOURS OF DEVOTION.—Under this expressive title, one of the most popular contributors to the North American Magazine, has translated from the German a series of maxims and moralities, which have long been valued and celebrated among the intellectual countrymen of Schiller and Goethe. He has imbibed the spirit of the original, and conveyed the natural and pious thoughts of the author in language as simple and appropriate as his own. Though the work of translation is yet unfinished, yet as the book will, probably, be heralded into the world under no fashionable imprint, it is the duty of our station to serve, at once, the cause of Christianity, the general weal and private friendship, by presenting some specimens of the work. In the original, the book has passed through thirteen editions; and as, at the Leipsic Fair, they are not accustomed to vend Teutonic literature under false title pages, this fact is sufficient to demonstrate its appreciated interest and value. The translator is a young man of education and ability, and the instructive and admirable lessons, which he has thus been the instrument of inculcating, demand the gratitude of all who are interested in the welfare of mankind. That our readers may with us acknowledge the simplicity, kindness, benevolence and piety which pervade this excellent treatise on the humanities, we anticipate its publication, and present the following pictures of human life.

DOMESTIC PEACE.—The bonds which unite the husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, are, of all others, the most sacred. Woe to him, who severs them by his unkindness!

Where will our sorrows receive the same solace, as in the bosom of our family? Whose hand wipes the tear from our cheek, or the chill of death from our brow, with the same fondness and care, as that of the wife? If the raging elements are contending without, here is a shelter. If war is desolating the country, here is unmingled peace and tranquillity. Blissful and happy hours, that unite us together in sweet and holy companionship, I bid you a joyful welcome!

The father, by his industry, ensures the prosperity of his family. When his daily labor is completed, he returns with gladness to their welcome and smiling embrace. If

the whole world should be in arms against him, here he is soothed by the gentlest and holiest affection.

The earnings of the husband are not foolishly squandered by the provident wife. She is careful in attending to the duties of her household. She guards over those under her care or direction, with fidelity and love. She encourages domestic peace and love, and adorns her character with a thousand little charms.

The children, too, are playing innocently around; they know of no enjoyment beyond the confines of their home. They love to be obedient. With unspeakable delight they fondle on their parents. Even the servants are happy and contented. They are faithful to those who are so attentive to them. Instead of masters, they have found parents, whose prosperity is their chief delight.

Let there be mutual love. It is an indescribable charm. It gives to every thing a higher value and importance. If you are sick or afflicted, all are ready to offer you their assistance. The individual happiness of each is the paramount concern of all.

Behold the lonely and destitute widow, who, in her solitude, is neglected by all the world. She has followed her husband and friends; one—all—to the silent grave. Poor and needy, she was driven from the ranks of the gay. In her distress, there are none who know her; none who share with her their society. But why should you pity her? She is happier than you can conceive! A pious daughter, who renounces the pleasures of the world, labors through the day, and by the burning of the midnight lamp, to add to the comfort and support of her aged mother. Why should you pity her, when she participates in heavenly joys, that gold cannot purchase?

Why do you sympathize with the aged man, who is languishing in prison, because his misfortunes have prevented him from discharging his debts? He is already liberated! A dutiful son, at the sacrifice of his own liberty, has bartered himself to the army, to procure the release of his helpless but beloved father.

How many blessings, even in affliction, spring out of family concord. How pleasant its consequences—how lasting its recollection. Domestic harmony may be likened unto heaven; but discord is only to be compared with hell itself.

How deplorable is the man who leaves the bosom of his family, in pursuit of happiness elsewhere! He is every where a stranger, even in his own dwelling! He must brood over his sorrows alone! There are none to share with him their sympathy. Cold civility is all he receives from the world. He complains with bitterness, that he ever pledged his hand at the altar. His children are to him as thorns that bear no fruit.

It is to be regretted that discord in families is increasing rather than diminishing. This is owing to the many inconsiderate marriages that are constantly taking place. Many people enter into a matrimonial alliance, without reflecting upon the importance of the subject, or studying each other's character or disposition. They contemptuously barter the happiness of a whole life, for a family name, or unnecessary fortune. But alas! no paltry wealth or ancestral honors can atone for the tears of anguish, or desolation of the heart that it occasions.

There can be happiness in the married state, only where there is a similarity of disposition, that will ensure mutual love, and enable the parties in case of misfortune, to rely solely upon each other. We have seen indigent families emerging from the depths of their poverty, and becoming great and illustrious by the virtue and industry of the husband; or the innocence and economy of the wife. We have also seen the prosperity of affluent families blasted by the discord of the parents, whose infirmities have extended over and given a hue even to the characters of their children. It is a great source of evil to the newly married pair, when, instead of seeking happiness in the society of each other, they resort to gay assemblies. Before they are aware of their own weakness, they find themselves already corrupted by their dissipation. The increasing thirst for those foolish pleasures renders the uniform peace of the house tedious and oppressive. Their idleness leads to want, their prosperity is at an end, and they sometimes contract dangerous acquaintances, that is too often repented of with tears of blood.

And lastly: a more fearful evil is contempt for religion. A pious man can never be entirely miserable. He will love those who are under his care—look with indulgence upon their faults—bear with their infirmities, and endeavor to correct their frailties. Where there is no domestic peace, there is an absence of religion. The precepts of Christ have given place to passion and defamation. Instead of tenderness and affection, we shall find cold hearted selfishness; instead of confidence in God, there will be madness and despair! The children, too, instead of loving their Creator, are full of pride, presumption, and mockery. Piety and virtue seem to have taken their flight.

If thou wouldst restore the peace and tranquillity of thy family, thou must first awaken religious impressions. When thou hast succeeded in this, then thou hast laid the corner stone of domestic felicity. Preserve the equanimity of thy temper; exercise kindness to those who are under thy control, and they will love and respect thee the more. Thus wilt thou establish the joy and happiness of thy household, and strife and jealousy will flee away.

POETRY.

From the North American Magazine.
THE DEATH UNTO THE WORLD.

BY J. C. PRAY, JUN.

It is a pleasant thing to die and feel
Our last wild pulses throbbing, while no soul
Of Death is placed upon our placid brow;
The soul in quiet looks within itself,
And, as within a mirror, sees the shape—
Some dim, some pulchre with steady light—
That stand like statues in the vista there.
The world—where Art and Genius long have made
Their beauteous congregations phase the mind,
Where coldness, villainy, deceit, and wrong
Triumphant, in exemption y encloyed,
Lie like a brood from hell, and laugh and shriek
O'er shattered urns where once pure minds have dwelt,
Is not seen there.—Its pains are all concealed;
And not a thought is suffered in that face
Which is not stamped with more of heaven than earth.

And thus, it is a pleasant thing to die!
For countless shades pass o'er that mirror's face;
And if man's spirit deigns to gaze on that
Which ever will delight—the object stands,
While rushes through the soul a secret joy.
Oh, I have gazed—and with unwearied eyes—
More heavenly perfect never were my joys!
And that which most I love and ever shall—
The mind of one as fair as heaven's own sky—
With mine seemed looking for another world,
A purer dwelling place above the earth.
In vain, 'mid mortals, can we find a home
Save in the savage wilderness beyond
The dark broad mountains, where the waters clash
And rave amid a dreary solitude.
'Tis true that sometimes here, when twilight hush
O'er ruddy morn have shed their glories round,
Within the shadow of some dark, tall tree,
We've sat and contemplated there the heaven
On earth which minds can sometimes find—but like
The passing of a silver cloud at night,
Or apparition of the glorious sun
When all the sky is black with thunder clouds,
That heaven has vanished from our sight, and we
Have wept to think how very brief that death
Is, which is called The Death unto the World.

It is—it is a pleasant thing to die,
To cast away the mortal forms and thoughts,
Which cluster round man here and cramp his soul,
To look behind the veil of mortal woe,
To leave the world forgotten, all that out,
To gaze on perfectness and truth, and see
And love a place more fitted for the mind,
A heavenly garden where the soul can bloom
In endless freshness, and in quiet bliss.

From the Christian Mirror.

MY COUNTRY.

"My country! 'tis to thee,
I strike my harp in agony."—*Keat.*

My country! once I had no fears
For thy exalted fame;
Nor knew I then that guilt and tears
Were blended with thy name.
I heard thee called "the freeman's home"—
The "land of 'springing flowers'"—
And felt it bliss in youth to roam
Within thy forest bowers.

My country! guilty as thou art,
I love thee even yet;
Though not with a confiding heart,
For I can not forget
That Africa's children groan in chains,
In thy own peaceful shade;
And that, unbathed, thou wear'st the stains
Which slavery has made.

Weep, weep, my country!—or thy blood
May yet efface the wrong;
Let grief come o'er thee like a flood,
And pour thy woes along,
I would not have thee carelessly
Poor Africa's woes redress,
Nor seek to check unfeelingly
The Spirit's tenderness.

My country! oft in hall and bower,
Of thine it hath been said,
That woman's gentle voice had power
To move to noble deed.
Then let that voice be heard once more
To plead for mercy's laws;
Aye, let it sound from shore to shore
In injured Africa's cause.

With our own hands we'll plant the field,
And bend the graceful vine,
And rear a home our babes to shield,
Nor at our lot repine;
But we would have our country free
And pure as blush of morn,—
And peace, and joy, and liberty
The humblest brow adorn.

My country! wilt thou not arise,
And rear a spotless shrine—
Where freedom's voice shall reach the skies
In eloquence divine?
When Africa's sons may join in song,
Their equal rights restored—
And heaven be prayed to hide the wrong
Our annals now afford!

My country haste to wipe away
The guilt which clings to thee,—
Restore the Africa's sunny ray—
His grateful spreading tree;
And then, like thy own lofty bird,
Thou too may'st upward soar—
A voice of human woe be heard
Within thy bowers no more.

MISCELLANY.

AN ADVENTURE.—(Translated from the French.) The clock of Notre Dame was just telling midnight. I was hastening home to my hotel in the Suburb St. Germaine; when I crossed the Point Neuf, a horse, driven rapidly in a gig, stumbled and fell, sparks of fire flew in all directions, from the violence of the fall, and a scream of alarm in a female voice, issued from the interior of the carriage. I hastened to yield my assistance, and arrived very seasonably, for the driver, reckless of every thing else, had rushed to his horse's head, and vainly endeavored to get the animal, which was dangerously hurt, upon his legs again.

The lady had fainted. I took her out in my arms, and seated her on the side walk. As fear had been the principal cause of her swooning, she soon opened her eyes; her senses returned, and in a sweet and trembling voice, she thanked me for the kindness I had shown her.

"You will permit me, madame," said I, "to complete the good work begun by so happy a chance: you certainly will not refuse me the pleasure of seeing you safely home."

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble, sir, but I accept your invitation thankfully; my abode is not far from this—I shall not detain you a moment."

"What number, madame?"

"Forty."

We were there in a few minutes.

I was retiring. "Not yet," said the lady; "you must not refuse some slight refreshment."

There was so much kindness in these few words, that I could not refrain accepting the invitation—more particularly as the stranger was very beautiful. We therefore entered, an old servant opening the door.

"I shall treat you without ceremony, sir, and receive you into my bed-room—it is absolutely too cold in the parlor."

Refreshments were served up. The lady and myself seated ourselves at a marble table. The conversation of course turned upon the accident to which she had so nearly fallen a victim.

"Do you feel any pain, madame?" I asked.

"Not the slightest, sir—fright made me faint, but I am now perfectly well."

"Then I shall always bless the occurrence that produced me the happiness of your acquaintance."

"There was really something romantic in this adventure. Don't you think so?"

This singular question, although very simple in itself, embarrassed me considerably. I know not what answer I made to it; for a cold sweat had overshadowed my forehead. According to my usual praiseworthy custom, I coursed over the lady's bed with my eyes, and upon the embroidered muslin that covered it, I had seen numerous drops of blood! Strange suspicions assailed me. The hour—the horses' fall might have been a trick; the unceremonious conduct of my entertainer—her invitation up stairs—blood—all these taken in connection, made me extremely uneasy; but judge my feelings when a moment later I saw the hilt of a dagger peeping out from the pillow. I started up. I was pale no doubt; for the lady looked at me with alarm.

"What is the matter, sir?" she asked.

"Nothing, Madame, nothing."

"You appear to be violently affected, are you unwell? Shall I ring for Thomas? we can soon prepare you a bed."

"Nothing ails me, I assure you. But it is getting late, and I fear my friends will be uneasy at my absence. I must beg your permission to retire."

"I cannot allow you to go in such a state."

She had seized the bell cord. I would not suffer her to ring. "You must take a few drops of ether, at all events." Saying this she ran to the door of her dressing-room: the light penetrated into it; oh horrible! a man's head hanging by the hair met my gaze! my knees gave way, and I fell back upon my seat; the lady returned with a vial. Passing suddenly from lethargy to a state of despair, "Let me fly," I cried furiously; "No, I will receive nothing at your hands. Is this the reward of the services I rendered you?" These words produced a magic effect. The lady rang. Thomas appeared, but no order was given him. We were all three mute with surprise.

Thomas at last broke silence. "Did you ring for me, madame?"

"Show the gentleman out."

I gave no time to repeat the order; in two jumps I was out of the house—the old servant was at my heels, but the keen night air cooled my agitation, and I stopped a moment to breathe freely.

"Wretch, what is your mistress's name?"

"Miss . . ."

"It is well. I shall complain of her."

"Sir?"

"I shall go immediately to the police office."

"Why so, sir?"

"To have her taken up for murder—the proofs are ample."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Of what profession is your mistress?"

"She is an actress."

"What means that blood upon her bed?"

"You are under a mistake, sir. You no doubt saw some tulip leaves that Miss scattered there this morning."

"And the dagger under her pillow?"

"My mistress has several; she was to appear with one to-day; she made a selection, and the one you saw she had probably rejected."

"But the man's head in the dressing room?"

"It was no doubt one of her wigs; you must have seen it from behind."

In effect I waited upon Miss —, the next day in the green room. I told her my ridiculous terrors, and they made us both laugh heartily. In short, the consequences of this acquaintance were worthy of the manner in which it was formed, and Miss — is now my wife.

POETS.—To those, whom Nature has gifted with the highest capacity of enjoyment, it has denied the means. No beings enjoy such an exquisite sense of pleasure and pain, as poets; yet their lot has always been cast in stony places, and trouble, trial, and tribulation, without and within, like so many cerberus, have followed and flayed them. Poor and dejected, they come to the world, but the world receives them not, neither reck of their sorrows or their doom. But the power, which dwells within, despises, while it abhors the ignorance, avarice, and cruelty without.—*No. Amer. Mag.*

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